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This is a set of

Diary of Rev. Hall

Letters from H. to M.

Letters from M. to H.

105.2112 - Hall Diary

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~~Incomplete~~

105:2112 P2

Letter of Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken from
New York American of October 19, 1922.

"Friday evening

Dear heart of mine! I am a lonely, lonely boy tonight-
For all day today. I could not get to Seal Harbor &
I know there are letters waiting there for me & I want
them! I shall go over tomorrow anyway. You see this
is our situation here:

(Diagram map follows, drawn in fountain
pen ink by Rev. Hall. The map depicts
Mt. Desert Island, on which are Bar Harbor,
Seal Harbor, N.B. Harbor and Islesford.
The Halls were vacationing at Islesford.
Hall received his formal church mail,
including business-like notes from Mrs. Mills,
at Islesford. The love letters were sent
to Seal Harbor, two and one-half miles
from Islesford, and there he received
Mrs. Mills' heart-messages.)

"Yesterday a party of us went to S.W. Harbor & climbed
one of the mountains there so I had no chance to go
to Seal Harbor then. I thought surely today would
be a good day. But fog set in-so this morning I waited
for the afternoon & then the fog was thicker than ever.
Tonight-thick fog, but the wind has shifted to the west
so I think it will be clear. Today I took advantage of
the fog to finish up the cards to the Parish so they
are in the mail and will go out tomorrow.

"I enclose 2 clippings-keep them & we can discuss them
after we read the book which I will get as soon as I
get back.

(The two clippings referred to are reviews
of Robert Keable's book "The Mother of All
Living".)

"Darling, one week from today! Only 7 more days-& I
cannot wait until Friday night-I must see you Friday
afternoon-so our road at 2:30 next Friday. If any un-
foreseen event makes it necessary to change I will send
word as soon as I reach N.B.-which will probably be
at 10:23 or 12:19-If I do go there at 12:23, I will let
you know anyway that I am back-oh dearest what patience
we have had-! But the agony will be forgotten when I
look into those dear eyes again.-Goodnight beloved-
every blessing for you-only help me to be strong and
patient until we are in each other's arms again. My whole
heart's love, darling.

Ever devotedly,
D.T.L."

105.2112 P3

Letter from Reverend Hall to Mrs. Mills, taken from
New York American, dated October 17, 1922.

Following letter sent from Seal Harbor, Me.
in August, 1922.

"Oh, you dear, dear angel sweetheart! Your dear,
dear letters and what volumes I want to write, but I
have just a moment now. I will write you a long letter
soon and answer your various questions.

"Dearest, your letters are blessings to me-I
couldn't endure this separation without them. Oh, will
the time ever pass! Thoughts and longings so throng
me that I can only let these sweet peas say all that
I want to say.

"You are a queen, a royal queen-you are perfectly
right-you are wonderful, dear-more wonderful every
moment. I will write more tomorrow. Every moment,
every breath.

D.T.L."

105.2112 p4

Dearest, How fast I can read. —————

Missing letter from this set,

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from
the New York Journal of October 18, 1928.

"Dearest, dearest boy. Wasn't I happy to find a sweet note, for I didn't expect that you would risk leaving one for me yesterday. Such delicious ecstasies.

"And the back is more interesting than you thought it would be. After I read it, we will talk about it.

"My darling, how well you seem today. I must have caught a cold, but I don't know when, and I am tired today - want to lie with you and rest for hours.

"And honey, you put the dear picture in my hymn book. Oh, you sweet, adorable babykins of mine. Minnie used my hymnal for the organ and I wonder if she saw them, although I don't care one bit. She provokes me so at times, and tonight if her flowers are still here, I'll put them in the kitchen. Not that I am jealous of Minnie. Why, darling, there isn't anything to be jealous of. But I hate her to do for you what I thought of first. She couldn't swear I put the flowers on your desk - she surmises it was I. Oh, well, poor Minnie. She is easily contented with crumbs, isn't she, dear?

"How are you tonight, darling? You seemed rested and happy. We didn't have a minute alone, but it will appear so at times.

"Dearest, I am not dreaming today. As I look out of the window I form no thought in my mind - just a drifting on, staring at nothing in particular, and I always do that when I am tired. The note I left yesterday was crumpled but I have to hide it in my small orange purse, as I met him. And please excuse hastiness in writing sometimes, as I cannot be alone always. How glad I am school resumes sessions tomorrow, and I can be along to write! I could never belong to a club or go where there is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream times, my hours alone and other people irritate and disturb me.

"There isn't much of interest in the paper today. One line in an article says 'all life is a hunger', and how true that is. A hunger for what will satisfy but what a variety of tastes in people. And because of you and I hunger for the same things is the reason for our longing to be together as much as possible.

"My love is deep, calm, quiet today. I am in the mood to listen to music.

"Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Burns. Couldn't pass and not listen, as she was ready for conversation. She was saying someone next to Hopkins was married yesterday and they were queer people. Told Mrs. Hopkins they live in a different world than some people. Mrs. Burns it too ignorant to understand that, of course, and my! I wish you heard what disrespectful language Mrs. B. used. But I let her rave. I hate to talk to Mrs. Burns, and never do if I can avoid it, but at times I must be polite, even if it is to listen to her ignorance.

"And honey mine -isn't it true I live in a different world? Today I am not wide-awake. I am not sad-but quiet. Yesterday I was rollicking. Oh, I love those moods-they mean intense life fire.

"Oh, darling, if I had an income of my own I would be very selfish I guess. I'd build a waiting love nest where I could dream unmolested and not care if I ever saw people to talk to. Books and music, pictures, Oh, what treasures I would have.

"The birds, the butterflies, the wild squirrels and all that I could see in the woods and fields and sky in my dreams. People would mean nothing. I'd rather watch the bugs and ants as they crawl along-don't you love to watch an ant as it creeps along. Honey, there isn't a home large enough for me. My dreams are as big as the earth. I need the great outdoors-to breathe-to live in. Nature, as God created it, is what I feel a part of-it calls me just as I yearn for the truest things. And darling sweetheart-that is why I long for our love to be the truest-ideal-as sure as we can make it-for then it is truest to nature and things that God created.

"But this love nest, you know, dearie, is dreadfully lonesome with just me there. Did he say we needed jewels? Did he say we needed anything except the mate? After that He knows we would find other things that He created for our comfort and pleasure. What a joy to read the Bible, how it tells of God creating/wonders for us?

"Darling, I could rave for hours-but I must stop, as there are peepers around, I only know this, dear, that as God the Creator is real, true, nature is real-true, so our love is the most vital power the truest joy that can be known in this life and the hereafter. Please don't laugh at this. I know I'm a crazy cat, but I can't be different.

105.2112 p7

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"Charlotte talks-then Don asks questions, then he annoys, so how can I write.

(Unaddressed and unsigned)

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the
New York American of October 18, 1922.

"Darling mine, didn't you feel me purring-blissfully contented. And close to you, too. Was my goodbyes to the others too hasty and should I have said more? What a truly unexpected pleasure it was, dearest, sweetest boy. Oh how good you are. As I rode along I thought, this is where I find my greatest joy to be near my man; what care I for what other people call pleasure; to be near you, although I didn't dare look at my noble boy's face, this is all I ask.

"How friendly our Easton Avenue road seems to us, and dear, dearest boy, every time you take your hat off I never fail to notice and read your face. Monday, too, And it is a new message of love every time you do, and my heart sings for joy; yes, and I could fling my arms about you and pour kisses on my babykin's head and face.

"Grandma is here. I must stop. Sweetheart, my true heart. I could crush you. Oh, I am wild tonight; so happy I could dance wildly."

105.2112-89
Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from
the New York American, dated October 18, 1922.

"I don't know why I feel this way today-it will pass as you know. God, I know. Oh I know that as much as I know you are my true heart that He is watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near-in whatever we do, even in physical closeness. He is near for we know He meant his children to taste deeply of ALL things.

"Was Pam religious? Did she feel God? Chris was Cecile's mate no more than you. The Chris she thought he was, he was her true mate.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life,-and if he knew that then there would be no Paneless for him but a prayerful life-a desire to be like his always forever beloved Cecil.

"Ask me any part of the book and I will remember it. Pam's mother was English. (Page 49).

"I have much work I ought to do, but I can't today. I must wait until this mood passes and I come down to earth again. Do I love you too much? I know that now I could leave, yes, even your physical presence, and go into a convent. You are always in my mind and heart, but, then, I wouldn't see anyone else touch you, call you 'dear', rub your tired body, sew your torn trousers.

"Oh, darling, I don't ever want to call you 'dear' or 'honey' if anyone else can. Aren't you glad that none but you can call me dear names?

"One time I told you I hated your work, I hated your parish. I guess it is because I am jealous of it, because it must always come first in your life. Not because of conventions-no-but because you love it so. When the man at the gate at Manhattan Beach called you "doctor" and I, without looking at you (I'm a witch) knew it thrilled you, the kind of a thrill that brings tears of joy to your eyes.

"Oh, I know it because you are a true priest-born for it. And because that is your supreme joy and satisfaction I am merely your physical inspiration and you see in me what you teach, you the priest."

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the
New York American of October 18, 1922.

The following is an excerpt from letter No.4

"I don't want to stay for service. I haven't unlocked the doors as I was asked to and kept my word. But it seems as though I am unworthy to do other things I was asked.

"Of course, it has hurt me. Perhaps again I don't understand-you have had time to do them. Well, it doesn't matter one bit what comes. I had a simple greeting but did not leave it. I cannot stay to such a service when our hearts are bitter. But since it is a duty of the church I think the truest way is to forget all about yourself and do what the church bids, forgetting everything but that you are the priest. "

(This ends No.4)

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the
New York American of October 18, 1932.

"Dearest, darling boy, I love you most as you love me as you do today-not so much physically, but prayerfully-exalted and you see, darling, the physical fits in and doesn't dominate, yet it was there just the same-not to be denied-never.

"Dearest, believe me, won't you? Never will I say you want my body rather than me-what I really am. I know that if you love me you will long and ache for my body. Have I ever tempted you, dear? Have I ever made you want me? I never wanted to.

"Dearest, there isn't a man who can even make me smile. As you said today, our hearts are true as steel. I'm not pretty, I know there are girls with shapely bodies, but I'm not caring what they have.

"I have the greatest of all blessings-a noble man, deep true eternal love and my heart is his-my life is his-all I have is his-poor as my body is-scrappy my skin may be-but I am his forever. Honey, I feel awfully lonesome for you tonight. I want to talk to you. I feel so full of thoughts. Why do I cry so-oh, it pains to cry. I will hate the winter nights. Then I dream of curling up in a chair with you-oh, what dreams I have. Will it ever be? God knows best, dear. It is eleven and I must get some rest as I expect to be up early about six to pack the lunch."

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the
New York American of October 18, 1922.

"My dear, dear boy. When I said I would leave a note I forgot that it might not be wise, but I may take a chance for I cannot have you disappointed even though it isn't much.

"Deary, what a gay, happy girl I am today-and yesterday too. I love your dear note of last night and went to sleep happy after reading it. Of all the people that I know, no one understands me but you, but of course I have never shown my real self to others.

"One never can, except to the person they truly love.

"How impatient I am and will be. I want to look up into your dear face for hours as you touch my body close. Honey, do you suppose we could start early in the morning and not return until the following night late-say ten or eleven.

"Darling, do you yearn for it as I do?

"When will it be dear, the last night of this month?

"I guess I'd better not leave this, but give it to you tomorrow. I am looking over toward the trees by the elms and dreaming. Darling, my life is nothing except I have all your love. Dear, that is why I never get discouraged or discontented if I am not blessed with material things. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I do not need anything else.

"I am holding my sweetbabykin's face in my hands and looking deep into his heart and reading there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and life.

"Oh, honey, I am fiery today. Burning, flaming love. It seems ages since I saw my babykins' bodies and kissed every bit of you.

"It is 3:30 and he hasn't returned. I may wait until he comes back, and then I can be sure you will get this.

"Goodnight my true heart. I never buy such goodies as you do for me-but if we go on a picnic I will make whatever you like to eat so tell me what to make.

"Words-notes are useless. But I worship you my darling, yes, more than ever I need to.

"That is all."

105.2112-513

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall,
taken from the New York Times of October 18, 1922.

"Dearest, dearest boy of mine, good morning!

"What joy and peace is ours today. And strength.
How gracious God is to privilege us to know this
most joyous greatest blessing.

"Precious true heart, I will write this afternoon
when I will have more time.

"I am on my knees, darling, looking up at my
noble man, worshipping, adoring.

"Wonder of wonders-that I love you even more than
yesterday-more fragrant, this love of ours."

105.2112 p14

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall,
taken from the New York Times of October 18, 1922.

"Six o'clock.

"Oh, darling, darling mine, what painful hours today. When I got back from church, in addition to my pain I was so troubled about you. As I told you, I didn't speak a word to anyone, got undressed and sat in a rocker, no peace anywhere. I guess I was weak from the pain and no sleep last night. Soon I became drowsy and lay down and slept for an hour. When I awoke it was torture dear, I cannot tell you how it has pained. I was alone then and had no one to telephone to you.

"Oh, dear, I knew you would be anxious and disappointed, but darling I walked the floor until 4:30. Haven't read the paper, haven't eaten anything. I said, Oh, he will know I am suffering and cannot come up. When I came back from Miss Opie's I was sicker than before as you were disappointed. I can hardly cry. Although now the pain isn't as continuous as it was, it ceases for about ten minutes.

"I wish someone would be merciful to me and give me something to put me to sleep, to forget. Forget you were disappointed- now you felt this morning and get some relief from this constant pain. I never felt so miserable as I do now. You asked me did I want you to come. Honey mine, I was needing you as only you know-but he was here and I said not to come. Tomorrow I believe I'll walk miles and be alone. Darling, can I bear it. My ear aches, too. The pain goes to the top of my head. Worse than before, for I am sick over the disappointment of not seeing you. It pains so at times I stumble in walking around here and almost fell. Why it doesn't turn your mind I don't know, altho truly, dear, it isn't as painful as it was.

"I want you-your arms to hold me and fold me close, if only to forget this pain for a moment. Nothing will cure me now but that. I was tempted to drink enough to put me to sleep, but I am strong enough to realize it would do unseareable harm to the kidney.

"Dearest, give me some word of comfort. Tell me you know I was wild to come to you this afternoon, but I couldn't. It will take hours for the pain of disappointment to leave me. My darling, who cares every moment and suffers with me. Just to look at you tonight will be a relief and joy.

"I don't care how much it pains, I will bear it and come to meet you."

105.2112 p15

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall,
taken from the New York Times of Oct.18,1922.

"Dear Heart: How good it was of you to
accompany me to the dentist yesterday.
Things would have been different if you had
not been along. There was no pain during
the extraction and none following."